# THE

# MAN of the MILL.

[Price One Shilling.]

THE

MAN of WILL.

BRITISH MUSEUM

[Price One Shilling.]

# THE

# MAN of the MILL.

## A NEW BURLESQUE

# TRAGIC OPERA.

The Muſick compiled, and the Words written,

BY

SEIGNIOR SQUALLINI.

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# Dramatis Perſonæ.

## MEN.

LANDLORD.

*Farmer* DOBSON.

*Farmer* GUIBBONS.

SPRIG.

ROBIN.

## WOMEN.

*Mrs.* DOBSON.

SUKEY.

AGNES.

BEGGAR-WOMAN.

# THE MAN of the MILL.

## ACT I. SCENE I.

*A rural proſpect, with a mill at work.*

### CHORUS.

*WHAT a toiling and a coyling! labour never will ceaſe.*
*What a drudge is the man that muſt live by his mill,*
*He muſt ſtill labour on, and his hands are ne'er ſtill.*
*Such a life is moſt wretched and ſad,*
*Such toil would almoſt make one mad.*

### DUET.

*Poor folks, theſe hard times,*
*May complain of their lot,*
*Let them work e'er ſo hard,*
*Oft there's nought to be got.*

*Foulfield.* Fy, fy, always grumbling; it is a ſure ſign work goes on heavily, when people ſcold at it. Stop the mill, there; and, do'ſt hear, ſon Benjamin, hoiſt yon ſacks of flour and drive it up to the landlord's; com-

ing from the village laſt night with the farmers, no doubt there are calls enough for it.

*Benjamin.* Ay, father, you'd never let one have a moment to one's ſelf with your good will.

*Foulfield.* What ails you? Has the home-brewn got into your head, that you are ſo unwilling to turn your hand to any thing?

*Benjamin.* Why don't you ſpeak to ſiſter Sukey, there; I think ſhe might lend us a hand; but now that the landlord has caſt a ſheep's-eye, out of a calf's head, at her, ſhe gives herſelf airs like a great madam, and we can never get no good of her.

*Foulfield.* You dog, don't talk at ſuch a rate of your ſiſter; you'll never be worth her little finger as long as you be a paving ſtone.

*Benjamin.* Why, tho' I can't write like ſhe, I can make my mark; and as for muſic, I think her mother ſhould have known better things, than to have her taught it: ſhe'd much better have learnt plain-work.

*Foulfield.* Hold your prating, you dog.

*Benjamin.* Madam will never do for a working man's wife, with her fine education; ſhe no more knows how to milk a cow, than to leap over a five-bar-gate.

*Foulfield.* You dog, you are drunk already.

*Benjamin.* Why, ſuppoſe I am, father, it was not you that paid the reckoning.

*Foulf.* Who gave you the liquor, you dog?

*Benj.* Why it was one of the neighbours; he's drinking a pot of home-brewn at the Red Lyon; he rides a fine nag; I wiſh it was mine.

*Foulf.* Don't jaw me, you dog; mind your buſineſs.

*Benj.* The devil fetch me, if I work a jot more to-day.

*Foulf.* What, you won't work, you dog?

*Benj.* No, I'll ſee you damn'd firſt; I'll go back to the Red Lyon, and drink another pot with neighbour; I'll warrant he'll not leave me in pawn for the reckoning.

*Foulf.* You may go and be damn'd, if you will; but I'll make you pay for this.

*Benj.* Do your worſt, old Codger; I was not bred in a wood, to be ſcar'd at an owl.

You

*You may ſcold all the day,*
*I don't mind what you ſay,*
*I'm not ſuch a fool as you think;*
*Do your buſineſs yourſelf,*
*You churliſh old elf,*
*I'll away to the alehouſe, and drink.*

*Let one do e'er ſo much,*
*Your temper is ſuch,*
*That you never can be ſatisfy'd;*
*Still you grumble and mutter,*
*And make ſuch a pother,*
*Such a life I'll no longer abide.*

## SCENE II.

FOULFIELD *and* SUKEY.

*Foulf.* This brother of yours makes me quite crazy. Come here, Sukey, we muſt have a little chat together. Get ye gone, there, you rabble of vagabonds, you have quite ſpoilt my ſon.

### AIR.

Sukey. *In love to be quite over ears,*
*And yet have no hopes of ſucceeding,*
*To be plagu'd ſtill with doubts, and with fears,*
*'Tis a trouble, all troubles exceeding.*

*To lead ſuch a life would be hell upon earth,*
*For my part, I'm ſure I can't bear it;*
*In ſorrow to pine, and not know joy or mirth,*
*'Tis ſhocking to think of, I ſwear it.*

*Foulf.* Well, Sukey, there has been a man here from our landlord, and I find there's likely to be great doings; farmer Dobſon's come with him, and there's three or four more expected.

*Sukey.* I know farmer Dobſon very well; he's a diſtant relation of our landlord.

*Foulf.* What ſort of a dame is farmer Dobſon's daughter? She us'd to be with you, I think, three or four ſummers ago, when our landlord was gone a journey to London.

*Sukey.* That ſhe was; our landlord's wife was very fond of her. Pray, father, is ſhe come down?

*Foulf.* Why, you know, there's a talk as how our landlord's going to be married. I think ſhe be come down, and I dare ſay we ſhall ſoon have a wedding. Our landlord, it ſeems, had no great ſtomach for the match, but the friends on both ſides preſſed it ſo hard. Then there's a ſwinging fortune: farmer Dobſon's daughter has not leſs than forty pounds in ready caſh, as neighbour Dickinſon tells me.

*Sukey.* If it was a hundred pound, father, ſo worthy a man as our landlord is deſerving of it all. I ſuppoſe the wedding will be celebrated here at the farm-houſe.

*Foulf.* So 'tis thought, as ſoon as things can be got in readineſs. But, Sukey, I wiſh I could ſee you in a better humour. Come, girl, have a good heart. To be ſure it was a great loſs to you, when old Margery, and our landlord's mother died; ſhe was a mother to thee, nay, a great deal better; for ſhe took care of you when you were not the height of a three-penny pitcher, and had you taught to read and write.

*Sukey.* Good father, don't mention it; education has been many a woman's ruin.

*Foulf.* Why, Sukey, your wits are gone a woolgathering. But I have ſomething to ſay to you, which you ſhould think ſeriouſly of. I dare ſay you have guts enough in your brains to know that a young maiden is marvellous brittle ware, eſpecially if ſo be ſhe is tolerably ſightly, then ſhe is ſure to ſet every clock a going.

*Sukey.* That's very true, father; to be ſure folks are perilous wicked now-a-days; but when a young woman behaves ſo that nobody can ſay, black's her eye.—

*Foulf.* Why, Sukey, there's ſomething in what you ſay, too. But, you know, foul-mouth'd folks will beſpatter the very beſt: ſo that a young woman's never quite out of harm's way, till ſhe's married. Now there's our neighbour, farmer Giles, he's a ſober, honeſt, painstaking young fellow, and one of the warmeſt farmers in theſe

theſe parts; he has a month's mind to thee, and, for my part, I ſhould be glad to have him for a ſon-in-law.

*Sukey.* Why, father, to be ſure, a ſilly girl, like me, ſhould be directed by a man of your years and prudence, you can chuſe better for me, than I can for myſelf.

*Foulf.* There you ſpeak like a dutiful child; get you in, and leave the management of this affair to me. Neighbour Guibbons, to be ſure, is not a gentleman, but he's never the worſe for that.

*Sukey.* There your'e right, father; poor folks are often as good as gentle-folks.

*What's behaviour, and fine breeding,*
*To an honeſt heart compar'd?*
*Forms are ſcarcely worth the heeding,*
*And may very well be ſpar'd.*

*By hedge the humble nettle growing,*
*Can make good porridge for the pot;*
*But flowers, the gaudieſt colours ſhewing,*
*Are thrown away, to fade and rot.*

## SCENE III.

FOULFIELD, GUIBBONS.

*Guibbons.* Well, Maſter Foulfield, you and Miſs Sukey have had a good deal of jaw together; did you tell her that I was here?

*Foulf.* No, faith, neighbour Guibbons, I never once wagged a jaw about the matter. And I dare ſay Sukey will be agreeable, for ſhe's a good girl, and never croſſes her father in any thing.

*Guibbons.* That's right; well, and when ſhall we turn up trumps?

*Foulf.* Your hand, farmer; I know you wiſh both the girl and I well, and I'd rather a friend ſhould have her than another.

*Guibbons.* Why now there's nothing like that, to be agreeable together, and make a bargain in a few words.

*Foulf.* I'll anſwer for Sukey, ſhe'll make you a rare wife. But then there's one thing to be conſidered. You know

know I and mine are mainly beholding to the landlord's family; Sukey, above all, would be hardly worth hanging, if ſhe was to do the leaſt thing in the univerſal world contrary to their conſent and approbation. You know how much they have done for her.

*Guibbons.* Nay, for matter of that, every body knows ſhe was old mother Margery's darling.

*Foulf.* Nay, maſter Guibbons, ſhe is as much beholden to the landlord himſelf. When old Mrs. Margery was ſo ſuddenly ſtruck with death, and he was obliged to go all the way to London, ſhe might have kept houſe in the main time; or if ſhe had a mind to go any where elſe, he would have paid for her board and lodging, tho'f it had come to four ſhillings a week.

*Guibbons.* Nay, for matter of that, it was every body's talk, that landlord had a hankering after her himſelf; and I remember the time that it was rife about the whole neighbourhood, that they were to go to bed together.

*Foulf.* Pſhaw! a pack of old wives tales.

*Guibbons.* Why, women's tongues can never reſt, that's the truth on't.

*Foulf.* Our landlord's no ſuch fool neither; he can ſee as far into a mill-ſtone as another---but this is neither here nor there to our buſineſs. Have you been at the landlord's houſe, yet?

*Guibbons.* God help your head; I did not hear a word of the landlord's being come, till a young lad belonging to the houſe told me.

*Foulf.* No! then I'll tell you what you muſt do: Go to the landlord, and tell him you have a mind to take Sukey for better for worſe; hear what he ſays, and afterwards we'll try to bring it to bear.

*Guibbons.* Go to the landlord, if that be all never fear, Guibbons.

*Foulf.* Why, then, go directly, and don't ſtand ſhilliſhalli.

*Guibbons.* I'll not be long about it---never fear me---I am none of your baſhful fools either. But where's Miſs Sukey? might we not juſt have a bit of jaw with her?

*Foulf.* Never ſpare it, ſhe's within there.

*Guibbons.* I ſee her, but ſhe won't take no notice of me. Come, Miſs Sukey, open the door to your ſweetheart. *Hark,*

*Hark, 'tis I your own true lover,*
*I've been walking till I'm tir'd,*
*One kind look at leaſt diſcover,*
*That's all of you is requir'd.*

*You alone my heart I fix on,*
*Ah! you little cunning vixon,*
*I can ſee you ſmile and lear;*
*Godzooks, my mind is in a flurry,*
*Till we're ſped, I will you worry,*
*Say but 'tis a bargain dear.*

*Here, an you like it,*
*Ready to ſtrike it,*
*I am hers, ſhe is mine,*
*Thus we ſeal, and we ſign.*

## SCENE IV.

FOULFIELD, SUKEY.

*Foulf.* Go about what I told you; I warrant it will be ſettled as it ſhould be. Ay, this is juſt as I'd have it: why are you ſo ſhy to neighbour Guibbons, Sukey?

*Sukey.* Really, father, I did not know what was going forward.

*Foulf.* Well, another time will do as well; he'll not let you reſt long. He's gone up to the landlord's houſe; you know it would be quite wrong for us to ſteal a marriage without his knowledge or conſent. So I have ſent the farmer to tell him, that all matters are agreed upon; ſo that if he has no objection, the young couple will take a leap in the dark.

*Sukey.* Dear father, how can you talk at that rate?

*Foulf.* I would not have taken ſuch a ſtep for forty ſhillings, without giving the landlord notice before-hand.

*Sukey.* But ſurely you don't propoſe hurrying matters at ſuch a rate?

*Foulf.* How urging matters, Sukey, I don't underſtand you.

*Sukey.* Oh! you have thrown me into a heap of troubles; but why would you let me know nothing beforehand?

*Foulf.* Why, how often would you have me ſpeak to you? it is you that throw me into a heap of troubles; you will break my heart.

*Sukey.* Dear father!

*Foulf.* All I deſire is, to ſee you well ſettled, but nothing will ſatisfy you. If farmer Guibbons won't go down with you, I don't know who will. Is he not as good as we?

*Sukey.* I don't ſay to the contrary, father; I won't give myſelf airs like a great lady; I know he's good enough for the like of me.

*Foulf.* Well, then, what harm was there in ſending him to landlord, ſince ſomebody muſt have gone?

*Sukey.* Father, I own I am to blame; don't lick me this time.

*Foulf.* Forgive thee, Sukey? I would not ſtrike thee for a crown. Set your heart at reſt; I hope all will go well.

## SCENE V.

SUKEY.

I am afraid I ſhall go to pot---the landlord, my real ſweetheart, will certainly think me conſenting to this match. Is he not himſelf going to be married to neighbour Dobſon's daughter, that brings him a great fortune, ſuch as he might expect? and what reaſon can I give for refuſing the match cut out for me by my father? ſhall I own myſelf impudent enough to think our landlord meat for me? Who could live in the houſe with our landlord, talk to him, and ſee him, without loving him? Sure there never was a more comlier man in the world. It is one comfort, however, that my folly is not yet found out; elſe how ſhould I be flouted and jeer'd at? Nay, would not the landlord himſelf deſpiſe me, eſpecially if he knew that I have more than once thought he had taken a hankering after me himſelf. Becauſe, forſooth, he was civil to me, I muſt think him in love with me?

A man

A man of his ſubſtance, that has often been upon the grand jury, would hardly deſcend to ſuch a trollop.

*Ah! wherefore ſhould fate mauling,*
*A wretched thing, like me,*
*Misfortunes on me hawling,*
*Still plung'd in miſery.*

*The woes I labour'd under,*
*Let me contrive to hide;*
*But this new clap of thunder,*
*Is what I can't abide.*

## SCENE VI.

*Scene changes to a room in Farmer Dobſon's houſe.*

*Farmer* DOBSON *and* AGNES.

*Farmer Dobſon.* Well, but Agnes, child, you are quite unreaſonable.

*Agnes.* It would not be civil to give you the lie, father; but I am not unreaſonable at all. When I gave way to my inclinations for young Sprig, both my mammy and you lik'd him as well as I lik'd him myſelf. It is therefore you have been unreaſonable in firſt countenancing, and then forbidding him your houſe, to bring me down here, and force me upon one that does not deſire me.

*Farmer Dobſon.* Force you, Agnes; what do you mean? By the lord, I would not force you upon the Great Mogul.

*Agnes.* Lord! what elſe is it but forcing? for though the landlord ſays a great many civil things to me, I believe, between you and I, he hardly cares if I was far enough.

*Farmer Dobſon.* What, you'd have him ready to leap into your mouth, I'll warrant; you girls think the men ſhould be always kiſſing and hugging, but you ſhould conſider, child, the landlord knows things; he has been in London ever ſo often, and Londoners don't behave like our country folks.

AGNES.

Lord, father! what an opinion you have of one; I never once thought of any ſuch matter.

*Farmer* DOBSON.

Come, my poor Aggy, I ſee you are out of humour; but it is not my fault; on the contrary, I had always a great liking for young Sprig, and ſhould have been very glad.

AGNES.

How, then, papa, could you join in forcing me to ſet my mark to that letter which you got the parſon to write to him in my name, commanding me never to ſee him more, or how could I do it for your bidding? what muſt he think of me?

*Farmer* DOBSON.

Ay, but hold, Agnes; your mother made me ſenſible that our landlord was a better match for you, tho'f I ſhould never have thought of it myſelf.

AGNES.

She only ſcolded you out of your ſenſes, as ſhe has often done me upon other occaſions.

*Farmer* DOBSON.

Do you think I'm ſo eaſily frighted out of my wits?

AGNES.

No, papa, but you love a quiet life; and if my mammy makes a ſtir about any thing, you give it up, rather than hear her eternal clack.

*Farmer* DOBSON.

Yet you ſee, Agnes, how your mammy loves me; if my finger does but ach, ſhe is frighted out of her wits; and if I was to die, I dare ſay ſhe would not outlive the burying of me; nay, ſhe has often told me as much.

AGNES.

Why, ſhe is a loving wife, that muſt be acknowledg'd.

*Farmer* DOBSON.

And then how can give up the hopes of being miſtreſs of this fine farm?

AGNES.

I don't value it a fig.

*With the man that I love, were I deſtin'd to dwell*
*On the top of a mountain, or deep in a cell,*
*In the wretchedeſt hole I could happineſs find,*
*With a lover who to me would always prove kind.*

*Let miſers and proud folks graſp at glittering toys,*
*In wedlock I ſeek only for Hymen's ſoft toys;*
*The ſordid and ſenſual pleaſures alone,*
*To wretches of ſuch a low taſte can be known.*

## SCENE VII.

*Farmer* DOBSON, AGNES, *Mrs.* DOBSON.

Mrs. DOBSON.

Goodman Dobſon, where are you?

Farmer DOBSON.

Here, my lamb.

Mrs. Dobson.

I am juſt come from taking a view of our landlord's mills and his lands. Lord! how warm he is! he is almoſt as rich as a ſquire. Well, Aggy, you have reaſon to thank God for throwing ſuch a match in your way.

Agnes.

Lord, Madam, I was never afraid of wanting; I never wanted a meal's meat in my born days.

Mrs. Dobson.

Upon my word, Aggy, you have a ſtrange way of talking. I dare ſay there are very few women in the county that would not leap at ſuch an offer. Did you ever hear the like of her huſband?

Farmer Dobson.

Why, I have juſt been ſaying as much to her; but whatever ſhe gets in her head---

Mrs. Dobson.

Oh! I know very well what ſhe has got in her head; ſhe has got young Sprig, the bricklayer, in her head. Fy, fy, Aggy, marry a bricklayer, have you no more ſpirit than that comes to? why, one would take you to be a carman's daughter.

*Farmer* Dobson.

Well, but Goody, you know I have drove a cart myſelf. I don't like that folks ſhould be proud, and give themſelves airs. My great-grand-father was no better than a day-labourer.

Agnes.

And yet mammy thought proper to take you, for all that.

*Mrs.*

*Mrs.* DOBSON.

Yes, but then, Agnes, I had but forty ſhillings in the world, and your father knows I was old enough before I minded his courtſhip.

*Farmer* DOBSON.

Nay, that's no lie, Agnes; your mother was but little better than an old maid when we met. But you were a very comely laſs, and, by candle-light, no body would have taken you to be above five and twenty.

*Mrs.* DOBSON.

You remember, Goody, the laſt time we were at our neighbour Chriſtopher's.

*Farmer* DOBSON.

Yes, my dear, it was the very day your little bitch minacy pup'd.

*Mrs.* DOBSON.

Well, and what did the whole family ſay? couſin John, and couſin Thomas, and Mrs. Deborah in particular? couſin, ſays Mrs. Deborah to me, for ſhe always calls me couſin---

*Farmer* DOBSON.

And me too---Mrs. Deborah is exceeding kind, for ſhe always calls me couſin.

*Mrs.* DOBSON.

In ſhort, they all agreed that this match, if I could but bring it about, was the beſt in the world, and that the other was not worth a farthing. Sprig's a fine huſband for my daughter, indeed, a fellow that works in brick-yards.

AGNES.

But let thoſe neighbours of ours, that you ſpoke of, be what they will, I dont ſee that couſin John and couſin Thomas, and Mrs. Deborah have a right to direct my inclinations, and there is a much nearer relation of mine, and one who has a better right to rule me, that is, father himſelf, who has a great regard for young Sprig, and would let me have him with all his heart.

*Mrs.* DOBSON.

Did you ſay ſo, Goody Dobſon?

*Farmer* DOBSON.

Who I love?

*Mrs.* DOBSON.

Then all my care and prudence have been thrown away.

*Farmer* DOBSON.

Well, but ſtay, wife. Agnes, you are always making miſchief.

AGNES.

Ah! dear daddy.

*Mrs.* DOBSON.

Go, you coaxing ſlut.

AGNES.

I coax, I'll ſee you both damn'd firſt.

*Mrs.* DOBSON.

Impudent ſlut, you deſerve to be well lick'd.

*Farmer* DOBSON.

Fy, fy, what! muſt you be always ſquabbling? And Aggy, let me have none of your coaxing.

AIR.

AIR.

*Why how now, miſs ſawce-box, no more of your jaw,*
*Do you think that your fawning I mind;*
*No ſtroaking or patting, keep away that red paw,*
*Ah! faith, you are deviliſh kind.*

*Get out of my ſight, 'twould be ſerving you right,*
*To lay a ſound doſe of the laſh on;*
*Give your mammy the lie, but by the lord I,*
*Won't for you put myſelf in a paſſion.*

## SCENE VIII.

*Farmer* DOBSON, *Mrs.* DOBSON, LANDLORD, GUIBBONS.

LANDLORD.

Come, farmer, you may come in, there are none here but friends. How goes it neighbour Dobſon?

*Farmer* DOBSON.

Poor and hearty, landlord; [*I hope he did no hear us ſcolding.*]

LANDLORD.

Well now, farmer Gibbons, what have you got to ſay to me, ſpeak out; I'd do you any good turn that I could.

GUIBBONS.

I thank you, landlord, I has got a great deal to ſay to you; I am only come about a little buſineſs, if you will but hear me.

LANDLORD.

Hear you! that I will.

GUIBBONS.

GUIBBONS.

Why, an pleaſe you, landlord, being left alone, as a body may ſay, feyther dead, and all the buſineſs upon my own hands, I do think of ſettling and taking a wife, and I'm come to aſk your conſent.

LANDLORD.

My conſent! ay, ay, my conſent's eaſily had; I hope, now, you have not made a fool's choice.

GUIBBONS.

I'm like all fools, landlord, I like any thing that's good; ſo you may be ſure I have made a good choice.

LANDLORD.

Well, and who may the young woman be? does ſhe live in my houſe?

GUIBBONS.

No, landlord, ſhe does not live in your houſe, but you know her very well.

LANDLORD.

I know her!

GUIBBONS.

I hope, landlord, there's no offence.

LANDLORD.

Offence, no; but how comes ſhe to be an acquaintance of mine?

GUIBBONS.

Landlord, you muſt certainly know Miller Foulfield.

LANDLORD.

Well.

GUIBBONS.

GUIBBONS.

And Sukey Foulfield, his daughter.

LANDLORD.

Is it Sukey you'd have for a wife?

GUIBBONS.

Why, if ſo be, landlord, as you have no objection, for we can do nothing without your conſent.

LANDLORD.

Faith, farmer, you are no fool; you know how to chuſe. Sukey is a god-daughter of my mother Mrs. Margery's; ſhe was bred up under her care. That's as tight a laſs as any in the land; but are you ſure, farmer, ſhe likes you herſelf?

GUIBBONS.

I dare ſwear for that, landlord!

LANDLORD.

Then I ſuppoſe it's all along of her that you're come to aſk my conſent.

GUIBBONS.

Why, my lord, ſhe was not againſt it; but the miller, ſome how or other, did not care to publiſh the banns without having obtained your conſent. But I hope, landlord, you be'nt angry.

LANDLORD.

Angry, farmer; why ſhould I be angry? What reaſon have I to be angry?

*Farmer* DOBSON.

So, honeſt farmer, you are going to be married to little Sukey Foulfield. Her father's a good warm fellow; I ſuppoſe you'll take care ſhe brings ſomething to make the pot boil.

*Mrs.* DOBSON.

Mind your own buſineſs, farmer; how often have I told you not to meddle in other folks affairs?

*Farmer* DOBSON.

What do you pauſe upon, landlord?

*Mrs.* DOBSON.

This fooliſh huſband of mine has ſo nonpluſhed me, that I hardly know where I am.

GUIBBONS.

Then, landlord, I'll make bold to be taking my leave, ſince you are not againſt Sukey and I taking a leap in the dark.

LANDLORD.

Why, farmer, to be ſure, you may go on if ſhe approves of it; but don't you think that ſhe's meat for your maſter?

GUIBBONS.

My lord, I believe ſhe'll do for me.

LANDLORD.

Do for you! why, ſhe can do any thing.

GUIBBONS.

GUIBBONS.

That ſhe can; ſhe's cute at every varſal thing.

AIR.

*Ods, my life! ſearch England over,*
*An her like you find;*
*I'll be bound to fly the nation,*
*Tho' I have no mind.*

*Do but feel my heart a beating,*
*Still my Sukey's name repeating;*
*Pretty work 'tis always at,*
*It goes ever pitty pat.*

## SCENE IX.

LANDLORD, FARMER, DOBSON, *Mrs.* DOBSON.

*Farmer* DOBSON.

Icod, this is a good hearty fellow, with his pitty patty, is he not, wife?---So, landlord, you have conſented that he ſhould marry your mother's old houſekeeper. Ay, well, I can ſee.

*Mrs.* DOBSON.

To be ſure, huſband, you can ſee a great way into a mill-ſtone.

*Farmer* DOBSON.

Yes, yes, let me alone, I know what's what. I was once young, myſelf, and then I lov'd a girl as well as another---but mum for that.

LANDLORD.

I don't know what you mean, not I.

*Mrs.* DOBSON.

No, nor nobody elſe---you are driving at ſome beaſtlyneſs, Goodman Dobſon.

*Farmer* DOBSON.

Who? I, wife---not I as I hope to be ſaved; 'tis nothing to us, you know, what the landlord did before he was married. When I was a batchelor, I was a devil among the girls myſelf; but ſince I have met with this good woman of mine, and we ſhall be man and wife ten years next Candlemas-day, I never had to do.---

*Mrs.* DOBSON.

Get you gone out of the room, you unmannerly ſon of a b---.

*Farmer* DOBSON.

Why, what's the matter, wife? I don't talk bawdy, do I?

*Mrs.* DOBSON.

I ſee what you're driving at, you unmannerly dog.

*Farmer* DOBSON.

Why, what am I driving at?

*Mrs.* DOBSON.

Get along out, you lubberly blockhead; you have no more manners than a bum-bailey.

*Farmer* DOBSON.

Good wife, don't be in ſuch a paſſion.

*Mrs.* DOBSON.

Come out, you great unmannerly blockhead.

[SCENE

## SCENE X.

LANDLORD *alone.*

This worthy farmer and his ſpouſe live like dog and cat, but their daughter's a good ſort of a girl. But I'm ſorry I have brought her down, for how can I marry her whilſt I like another better? What a thing it is to be a little higher in the world than other folks! it makes a body ſo proud, and then one's afraid of what every fool may ſay; but the Devil of it is that this farmer Guibbons ſuits her ſo, I may go whiſtle for a wife.

### AIR.

*Thus the madman in Bedlam a-while*
*Will talk like a man in his ſenſes,*
*His diſcourſe is of reaſon the ſtile,*
*And a wiſe man almoſt he commences.*

*But ſhort all his intervals muſt be,*
*While that curſed whimſy remains,*
*Which a wool-gathering his wit's made to flee,*
*And turn'd quite topſy turvy his brains.*

## SCENE XI.

*Turns to a proſpect of the mill.*

*Enter* SPRIG, *with* ROBIN, *follow'd by a Beggar-woman.*

BEGGAR-WOMAN.

One farthing, for God's ſake!

SPRIG.

Honeſt woman, there's nothing for you; I'm as poor as you myſelf.

ROBIN.

ROBIN.

Why do you aſk for money? we are not gentlefolks.

BEGGAR-WOMAN.

Sure the man may ſpare a half-penny to a poor woman.

SPRIG.

I'm quite mad that Aggy ſhoud write me ſuch a letter, tho'ſ it was not ſhe wrote it either; Parſon wrote it, and ſhe ſet her mark to it. I'm reſolv'd, however, I will ſee her; I'll not leave her till ſhe bids me go about my buſineſs. But I can't tell how to get to ſee her without a diſguiſe.

ROBIN.

Oh, I'll help you to one; our Sarah ſhall lend you her rags, and then you may get to her as a ſtrolling gypſy that tells fortunes.

SPRIG.

Oh that will do very well; if I can get a ſight of her by means of this diſguiſe, all's ſure, I can't fail of ſucceſs.

## SCENE XII.

SUKEY, ROBIN, GUIBBONS.

GUIBBONS.

So, our landlord was as willing as the flowers of May---and as I was coming along, who ſhould I meet but your father. And he bid me run in all haſte and tell you, for he was ſure you would be mad as a march-hare with joy.

SUKEY.

SUKEY.

What in the name of God carried you to our landlord's, farmer?

GUIBBONS.

Why, my legs carried me. Maſter Foulfield told me, moreover, as how he would have you go up to the landlord directly, and return him thanks.

ROBIN.

So ſhe ought, and take off thoſe cloathes, and dreſs more modeſter; you know feyther ſpoke to you of that too this morning,

*At reſt I may e'en my heart ſet,*
*By growling I nothing ſhall get.*

GUIBBONS.

Sukey.

SUKEY.

What?

GUIBBONS.

Nay, I only ſpoke.

ROBIN.

Take courage, man, ſhe does but joke. Come, ſiſter, ſomewhat kinder be.

GUIBBONS.

*Thus by the mutton fiſt I take her,*
*And ſwear I never will forſake her.*

ROBIN.

Why now that's right; and kiſs her too, man, never ſtand.

*END of the* FIRST ACT.

## ACT II. SCENE I.

*Scene, a room in the landlord's houſe.*

*Enter Landlord, ſmoaking a pipe.*

What a fine paſs I am come to! there's ſcarce a farmer in the neighbourhood but would laugh to ſee me, as I am now, in love with a country girl, rival'd by farmer Guibbons, that I could buy out and out. I am quite mad at it; they would all tell me that if I had had a mind to her I might have had a cheap bargain of her long ago. But I'm none of thoſe; I would not have recourſe to foul play neither. Let's ſee, what's here? The week's preparation. It won't do: I am neither for reading good books, nor going to church; I am quite over head and ears in love.

### AIR.

*What a block-head is he that e'er hopes for a treaſure,*
*Of happineſs, glee, of delight and of pleaſure;*
*'Tis a very hard matter ſuch treaſures to gain,*
*With a ſort of a falſe pair of ſcales we it meaſure.*

*Still hurrying and worrying,*
*We plague ourſelves in vain.*

SCENE

## SCENE II.

SUKEY, *the* LANDLORD.

SUKEY.

Now comes the trial, but no; I ſee plainly I have loſt a ſweet-heart.

LANDLORD.

Who's there?

SUKEY.

Sir.

LANDLORD.

What, are you there, Sukey Foulfield?

SUKEY.

I ſhould make an apology, for coming upon you ſo abruptly, but I was told, I might walk this way; and I'm come by feyther's orders, to return you thanks, for all favours receiv'd.

LANDLORD.

Favours, Sukey---what favours? I have done you none; but why have you chang'd your gear? If you had not ſpoke, I ſhould not have known you. I never ſaw you ſo badly rigg'd in my mother's time.

SUKEY.

No, ſir, it was Mrs. Margery's pleaſure that I ſhould wear better, and ſo I always did; but it is now my duty to dreſs in a manner more ſuitable to my ſtation.

LANDLORD.

Why, Sukey, you're too humble. Come, ſit down, and take a glaſs of our beer; its excellent good, you may take my word for it. Here! Chriſtopher! bring a bottle of my beer.

SUKEY.

*Sitting down.*] Sir, ſince you're ſo good, I'll make bold; to be ſure you were always good.

LANDLORD.

The neighbours ſay ſtrange things, Sukey; why, they ſay as how you're going to be married to farmer Guibbons.

SUKEY.

That's the caſe, ſir.

LANDLORD.

Zounds, Suke, don't you think a better man might leap at you! Why, Godzooks, you can read and write, and that's what very few miller's daughters can do.

SUKEY.

Tho' I was well brought up in your family, ſir, that's no reaſon I ſhould forget myſelf; the farmer's good enough for me.

LANDLORD.

How can that be, Sukey? People are never the better for being great folks, nor worſe for being poor folks; good folks are always the true gentlefolks.

SUKEY.

SUKEY.

The farmer, ſir, is a very honeſt man.

LANDLORD.

That may be. I ſuppoſe he would not ſteal a bridle or a ſaddle if it came in his way. What do you tell me of his honeſty for?

SUKEY.

I hope you don't take it amiſs, landlord.

LANDLORD.

Amiſs, no. I'm not ſo eaſily affronted, I aſſure you; but is it ſo great a wonder then to be an honeſt man?

SUKEY.

Why, I don't know but it is, landlord, as the world goes now.

LANDLORD.

Why, plague on the fellow, he can neither read nor write: and what pleaſure can you expect with ſuch a man? Then I'm ſure he's not a ſightly man; but, perhaps you are willing to take him for better for worſe, and I am doing a wrong thing.

SUKEY.

Upon my word, ſir.

LANDLORD.

So, I ſee he'll do for you. E'en pleaſe yourſelf. However, I muſt tell you one thing, Sukey, take it as you will. Farmer Guibbons ſhall not ſtay a year longer upon my eſtate.

SUKEY.

I hope, landlord, you be'nt angry with him on my account.

LANDLORD.

Nay, no matter for that. I don't like him quite as well as you, howſumever. However, I don't like the fellow; and as you, it ſeems, have a regard for him, I'd have you tell him to provide himſelf.

SUKEY.

Landlord, I am very unfortunate.

LANDLORD.

Ay, ay, I ſee how it is; ſhe loves him, by ginger. Come, Sukey, don't cry; I'd be ſorry to make you cry, too. Have you ſeen Aggy Dobſon, yet? I ſuppoſe you know ſhe and I are going to be married.

SUKEY.

So I hear, landlord; God ſend you happineſs.

LANDLORD.

Thank you, Sukey; I durſt to ſay Aggy will make a good wife.

SUKEY.

SUKEY.

*Kneeling.*] I pray it upon my knees, God proſper your days, and increaſe your ſtore.

LANDLORD.

Riſe, Sukey. Riſe. I ſuppoſe you'll call and ſee Aggy before you go. I have a little buſineſs upon my hands now. In fine, pleaſe yourſelf. Perhaps I may change my mind with regard to farmer Guibbons, for your ſake. I have nothing to ſay to your marriage, Sukey. I only ſpeak.

*My love for my Sukey in vain I would hide,*
*The more I would hide it, the more it appears;*
*I'm quite overjoy'd when her ſweet face I've ſpy'd,*
*And I ſpeak to, and hear her with quivering and fears.*

*By a pack of curs'd troubles I quite am tormented,*
*My blood quite boils up, then it ſtarves and burns,*
*This moment I wiſh what the next is repented,*
*While love, rage and jealouſy plague me by turns.*

## SCENE III.

SUKEY, GUIBBONS.

GUIBBONS.

Miſs Suke, odd rabbit it---I thought the landlord was here, and I wiſh I may die if my heart did not almoſt leap into my mouth.

SUKEY.

SUKEY.

Farmer, I am going to ſay ſomething to you, and I would have you liſten attentively to what I ſay---it ſeems you have taken it into your head that it will be a match between you and I.

GUIBBONS.

How did I take it into my head? why it's all over the place as how you are to be my ſpouſe, and you would not believe what game folks make of me.

SUKEY.

Farmer, I muſt tell you your own---you won't do for me, and it can never be a match between us.

GUIBBONS.

Oh! as for that matter, I never make any words about things.

SUKEY.

Shall I tell you the plain truth? I dont like you.

GUIBBONS.

Why I thought, Miſs Suke, the affair between us was as good as ſettled.

SUKE.

SUKE.

I would not be your's if there was not another man in the world; and yet I have no objection to a man.

## SCENE IV.

GUIBBONS.

Here's a turn, and I dont know what to make on't; ſhe's gone mad, that's for certain; book-learning has quite crack'd her ſkull. Her feyther ſhall hear of this---odd rabbit it! how tart ſhe was! I am almoſt ſorry I let her go off ſo.

### AIR.

*Maids have coy tricks---turnings and windings,*
*And never will give themſelves airs;*
*When to them a man his mind opens,*
*They fain would be going to prayers.*

*They ſtill will be jilting and ſtill will be ſkittiſh,*
*And always are full of their freaks,*
*But when they are wedded,*
*And with ſpouſy bedded,*
*All theſe have an end.*
*And to wedlocks yoke quickly their necks they will bend.*

SCENE

## SCENE V.

AGNES, SPRIG *in diſguiſe.*

SPRIG.

Yonder ſhe is, and moſt luckily alone. I'll ſpeak to her *(going up to Agnes.)* Young woman you have dropt ſomething.

AGNES.

I have dropped nothing that I know of.

SPRIG.

Yes, you dropp'd a paper a while ago. Tho' I'm poor, I'm honeſt, and ſcorn to tell a lie.

AGNES.

*(Taking up the paper)* Tho'f I can't write, I can read written hand, and that is more than moſt country-girls can ſay. *(reading)* Dear Agnes, tho'f you can't bear my ſight, I hope you can bear to ſee theſe lines from me. I am not far off, and the bearer can tell you ſomething about me. Come hither, child; do you know any thing of the young man that wrote this?

SPRIG.

*(Diſcovering himſelf.)* Dont you know me, ſweet-heart?

AGNES.

AGNES.

O lord, is it you, Sprig!

*(Here a drove of cows passing by the house prevent their embracing.)*

## SCENE VI.

AGNES, SPRIG.

AGNES.

Murrain take the cows! but he'll come this way again.

SPRIG.

*(Returning.)* Sweet-heart, say but you love me, and I am satisfy'd.

AGNES.

What more would you have? I am willing to go off with you if you will.

SPRIG.

But unluckily we have got no carriage; there's not so much as a cart setting off just now.

AGNES.

Well, well, we'll walk it, if we have not the opportunity of a waggon.

Well, dear Aggy.

## AIR.

*Hist-hist--I hear my mother call!*
*Prithee be gone,*
*We'll meet anon,*
*Catch this and this,*
*Blow me a kiss,*
*For now you can do me no more.*

*END of the* SECOND ACT.

## ACT III. SCENE I.

*The yard before the landlord's houſe.*

LANDLORD, FARMER, DOBSON, *Mrs.* DOBSON, *and* ROBIN.

*Mrs.* DOBSON.

Was there ever ſuch a Bitchington! tho' ſhe's my daughter, and had ſuch an example as me before her eyes!

LANDLORD.

Good neighbour, don't fret yourſelf; it's blown all about, that Sprig and ſhe are gone off, but there may be nothing at all in it.

*Farmer* DOBSON.

I am afraid, landlord, it is but too true.

*Mrs.* DOBSON.

Prithee, Goodman Dobſon, don't meddle where there's no occaſion for you. I vow to God I hardly know what to ſay, or how to ſupport myſelf.

LANDLORD.

I'll try to make all things eaſy for you; but, for my part, had I thought that Aggy was not for me, I ſhould not have propos'd myſelf for her.

*Farmer* DOBSON.

Well, the Devil's in all women, I ſay.

AIR.

*To ſpeak my mind,*
*Of woman kind*
*In one word it is this;*

*They ever will be in the wrong,*
*From morn till night, and all day long,*
*And ever do amiſs.*

## SCENE II.

LANDLORD, FOULFIELD, ROBIN.

ROBIN.

Dear goodneſs, I doubts I have done ſome wrong; I hope Sir, you'll forgive me---to be ſartin if I had known---

LANDLORD.

Why, I don't know of any wrong you have done, not I. How now, Maſter Foulfield, what brings you here?

FOULFIELD.

FOULFIELD.

I am come Mr. Landlord, to thank you for your bounty to my daughter this morning, and to beg you would take it back again.

LANDLORD.

Well, and what can be the meaning of this, now?

FOULFIELD.

Why, landlord, your generoſity to my daughter has been nois'd about, and malicious people will put malicious conſtructions upon it.

LANDLORD.

What then, maſter Foulfield? do you believe what they ſay?

FOULFIELD.

I don't ſay that, neither, landlord; but my girl is the worſe for the money; ſhe has been quite ſad ſince ſhe received it, ſo pray take it back.

LANDLORD.

So then farmer Guibbons won't have Sukey?

FOULFIELD.

No, Mr. Landlord, he won't have her, and he has made a moſt wicked noiſe in the matter. I did not think farmer Guibbons could behave in ſuch a manner.

LANDLORD.

Nay, I won't force the money down your throat, but take my word for it, your fears are groundleſs. However, ſince farmer Guibbons has loſt your daughter one

one husband, it is but just I should get her another; there is one in the house that I dare say will take her at my bidding.

FOULFIELD.

To be sure, landlord, you have a right to dispose of me and mine as you think proper.

LANDLORD.

Go then directly and bring Sukey hither. I shall not be easy till I have given you full satisfaction.

*The girl that I love, in her smock I would take,*
*And laugh at all whimsical rules;*
*As I laugh at all those who do such customs make,*
*As coxcombs, and puppies and fools.*

*Shall I quit my love, my darling,*
*For fear of what the folks may say?*
*Spite of their barking and their snarling,*
*I'm resolv'd to have my way.*

## SCENE III.

*Scene changes to an apartment in the landlord's houſe.*

LANDLORD, FOULFIELD, SUKEY, ROBIN.

LANDLORD.

I think, maſter Foulfield, I have fully ſatisfied you about the falſehood of all that has been ſaid of your daughter and me.

FOULFIELD.

My lord, I am very well ſatisfied. Say no more about it.

ROBIN.

No more, good maſter landlord, you need ſay no more to us.

FOULFIELD.

Hold your tongue, ſirrah.

LANDLORD.

I am ſorry, Sukey, you have been plagu'd at this rate,

SUKEY.

I am ſorry, ſir, you have been troubled about it; but it was againſt my conſent, my father would.

FOULFIELD.

FOULFIELD.

Well, come, children. We will not take up much of your time, landlord, we will be going towards home.

LANDLORD.

Miller, come back; Sukey, ſtay.

FOULFIELD.

Landlord, have you any thing farther to command us?

LANDLORD.

Why, yes, maſter Foulfield, I have a word or two ſtill to ſay to you. You have quite forgot my promiſe. I told you I would make all up to Sukey, and that as I had loſt her one huſband, I would get her another.

FOULFIELD.

Do as you like, landlord.

LANDLORD.

What ſay you, Sukey? are you for a huſband of my chuſing?

SUKEY.

Landlord, I'll be directed by you in every thing.

LANDLORD.

Then, Suke, there is but one perſon I can offer you, and I wiſh he was a better man for your ſake. Take me if you think me worth taking.

SUKEY.

Sir?

FOULFIELD.

FOULFIELD.

Oh the gracious Sukey! Lord, ſir, would you marry a child of mine?

LANDLORD.

Yes, yes, old Codger, I'll make her a good huſband. If ſhe had not met with me, ſhe would never have met with her match.

FOULFIELD.

Where's your anſwer, Sukey?

SUKEY.

What anſwer can I make, feyther? the gentleman's too good, that's all I can ſay.

ROBIN.

Down on your knees, and fall a crying.

SUKEY.

Yet, ſir, as feyther ſays, conſider the great folks you're related to---your rich friends---it muſt not---cannot be.

LANDLORD.

It muſt, and it ſhall. A fig for friends and relations. I henceforth diſown all that will not acknowledge you.

AIR.

*My life, my joy, my bleſſing,*
*In thee each good poſſeſſing,*
*All muſt my choice approve.*
Sukey. *To you my all is owing,*
*Then take a heart o'erflowing,*
*With love, and nought but love.*

## SCENE IV.

*Enter Farmer* DOBSON, *Mrs.* DOBSON, AGNES, SPRIG.

*Farmer* DOBSON.

Well, landlord, we have your counſel, and made the beſt of a bad market---ſo landlord, know our ſon-in-law that is to be.

LANDLORD.

I wiſh you joy, Sprig, with all my heart.

*Farmer* DOBSON.

Come, ſhan't we all ſalute? With your leave, Landlord, I'll-----

*Mrs.* DOBSON.

How! Goodman Dobſon!

AIR.

*Let fools by forms be bound,*
*Unaw'd by idle ſhame;*
*Their weak pride to confound,*
*I wed an humble dame.*

*Thus with love my arms I quarter,*
*Woman wove in nature's loom;*
*Every privilege by charter,*
*Juſtly may o'er men aſſume.*

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FINIS.